

Fairweather Friend

[John Cale](#)

Words and music: garland jeffreys
Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road
board boy, board boy, what have you been told
Do you wear your jeans of blue?

Oh that way is paved with gold

Board boy, board boy what have you been sold
Yes boy, no boy, you don't have to use your head
It's alright boy, you can use your feet instead
You don't have to worry about the french emissary

You don't have to dread

Board boy, board boy, just listen to what I have said
You can ask my poor old fairweather friend
If the hills are hard to find

If the misty mountain tops of may

That'll make us change their minds.
Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road

Board boy, board boy, what have you been told.
You can smell the means by which your secret signs do unfold
Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road.

Lyrics provided by

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